

Sung by Mr. Dan Beddoe

# In an Old-fashioned Town

\* SONG \*

THE WORDS BY

ADA LEONORA HARRIS

The Music by

W. H. SQUIRE



BOOSEY & CO., LTD.

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— AND —

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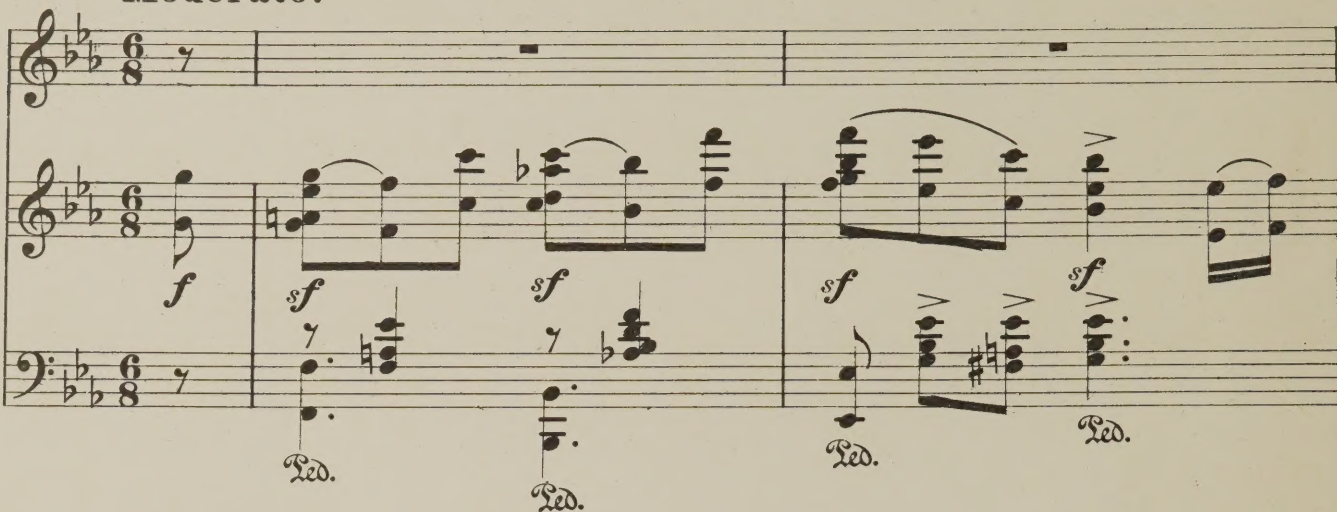


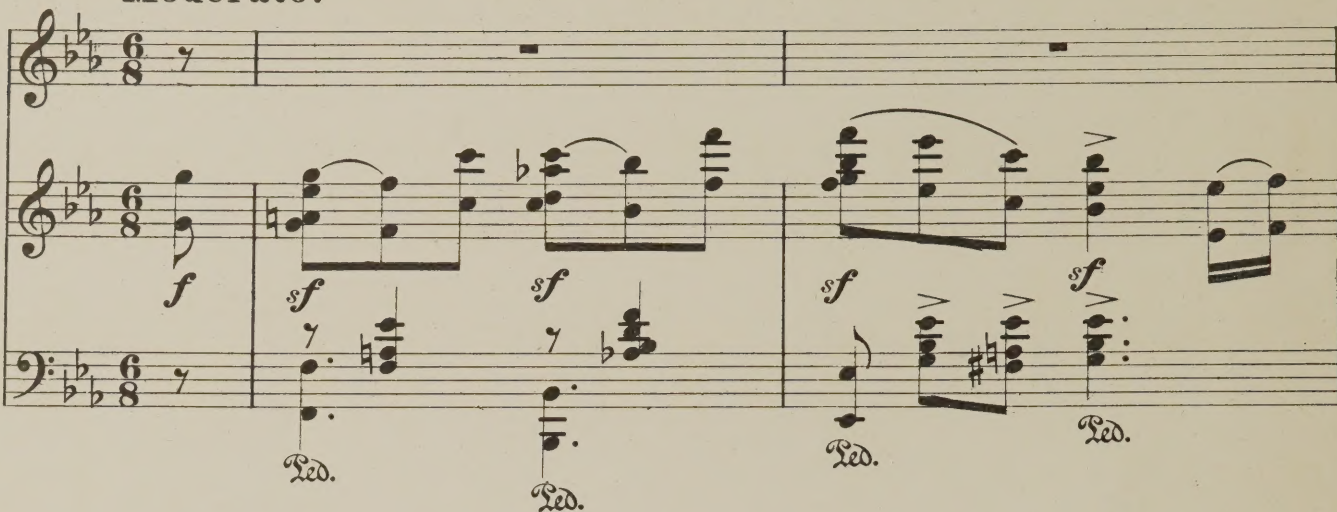
## IN AN OLD-FASHIONED TOWN.

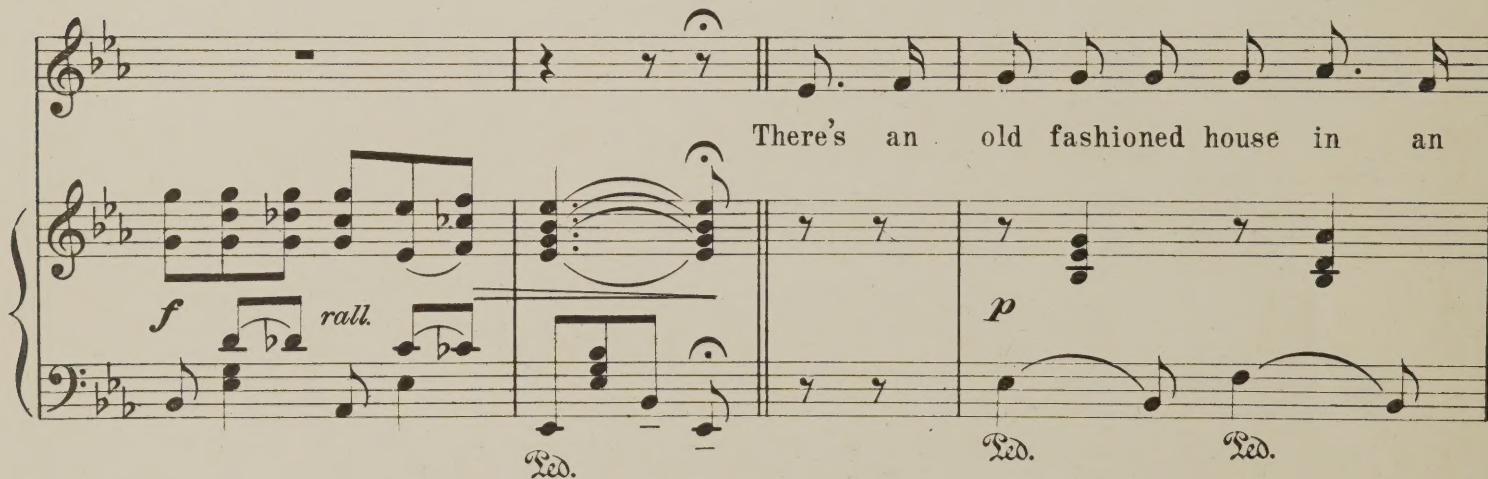
Words by  
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Music by  
W. H. SQUIRE.

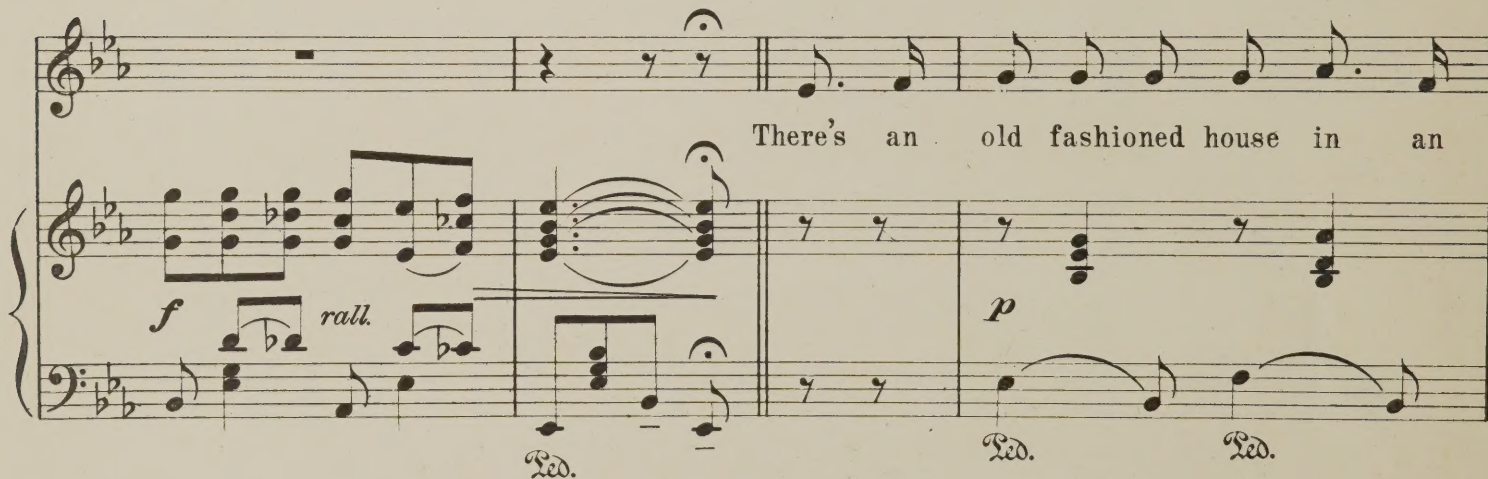
**Moderato.**

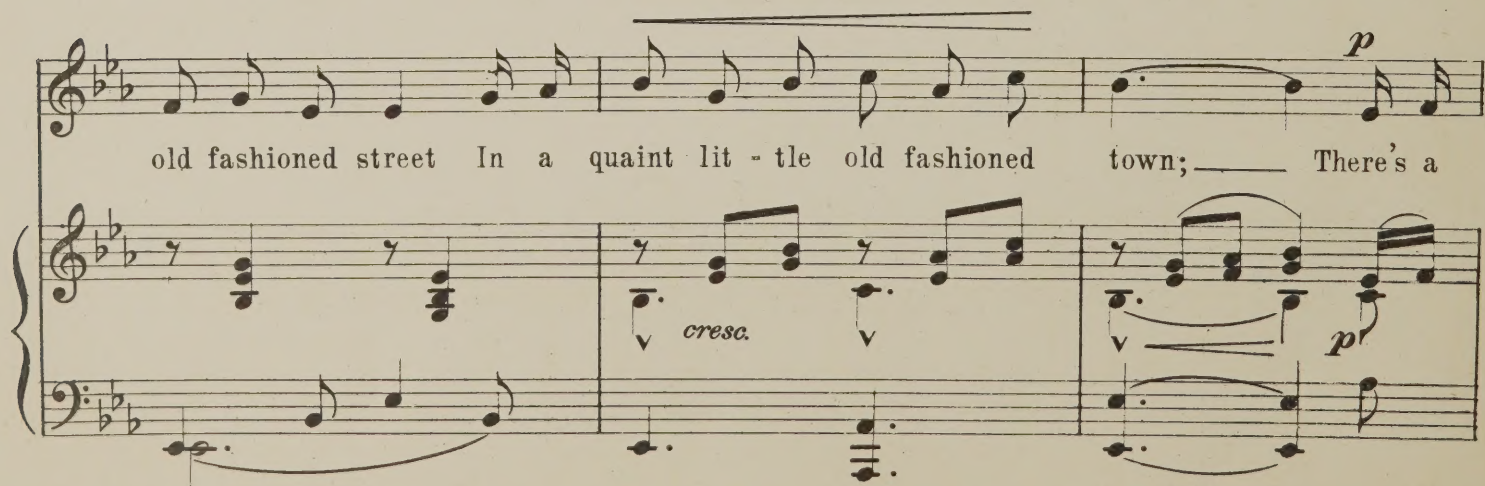
VOICE. 

PIANO. 

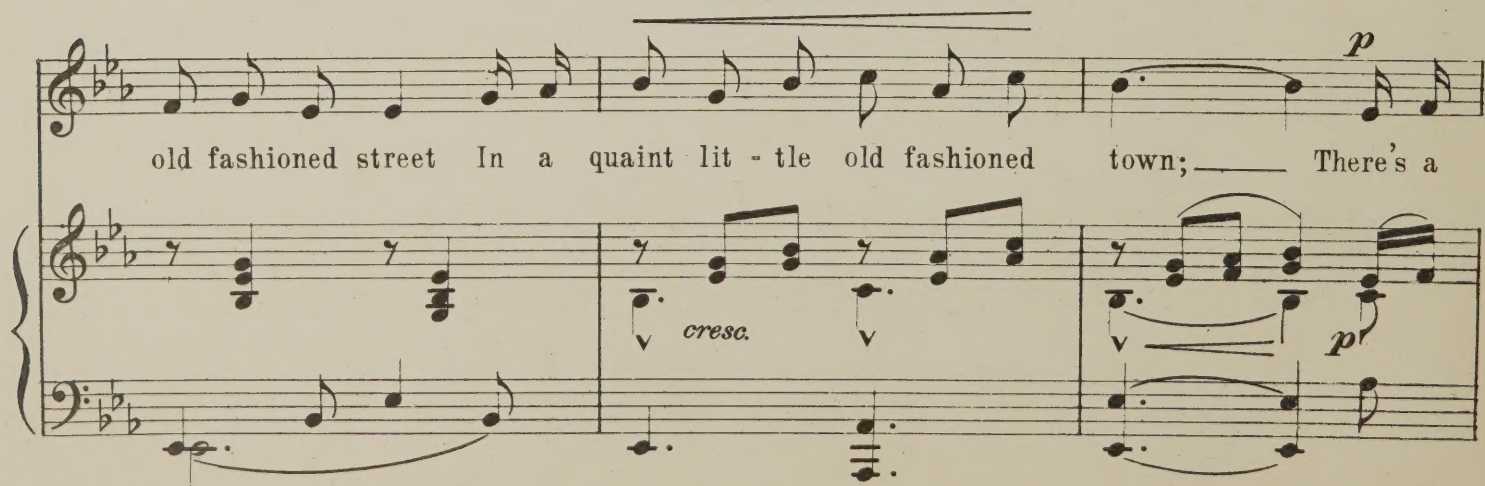


There's an old fashioned house in an





old fashioned street In a quaint lit - tle old fashioned town; There's a





street where the cob-ble stones ha-rass the feet, As it straggles up hill and then

down;— And, though to and fro through the world I must go, My

heart while it beats in my breast, — Where - e'er I may roam, To that

old fashioned home Will fly back like a bird to its nest. —



In that

*p rall.*

*Ped.* *Ped.*

old fash - ioned house in that old fash - ioned street Dwell a

*p* *sostenuto*

dear lit - tle, old fash - ioned pair. I can

*ten.* *p* *colla parte.*

*Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

see their two fa - ces, so ten - der and sweet, And I

*sotto voce* *mf* *dim.* *pp* *mf*



*dim.* *p* *f*  
love ev - 'ry wrin - kle that's there. — I love ev - 'ry mouse in that

*dim.* *p* *f*  
*Red.*

old fash - ioned house In the street that runs up hill and

*sf* *f* *dim.*  
*Red.* *Red.*

*dim.* *p*  
down, — Each stone and each stick, Ev - 'ry cob - ble and brick In that

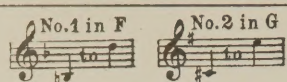
*rall.* *p* *mf*

*cresc.* *f*  
quaint, lit - tle, old fash - ioned town. —

*f* *sf* *ff* *rall.* *molto* *sf*  
*Red.* *Red.*



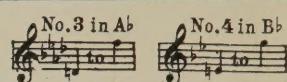
# OTHER RECENT SUCCESSFUL SONGS BY EMINENT COMPOSERS



Words by MARIAN PHELPS

## THE BAREFOOT TRAIL

Sung by Mr. JOHN McCORMACK

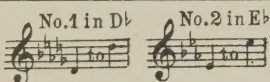


Music by ALVIN S. WIGGERS

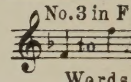
*Modto. with expression*

Oh, the bare-foot trail goes wind-ing, Thro' the years of mem-o - ry. — The past and the present bind - ing, In a won-derful dream for me; — And I seem to be back in my child-hood days, A lad with a freckled nose — Who is threading the bare-foot wild-wood ways With a lassie who's like a rose.

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## THE LIGHT I LOVE BEST

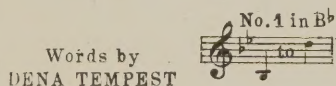


Words and Music by  
JOHN A. HOPKINS

*Moderato*

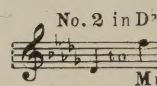
I love the star-light, the frosty and far light That's pure as your in-no-cent heart; I love the twilight, the tender and shy light When cares of the day time de - part; — And I love the light of the dawn, pale and bright, When bird-songs are filling the - skies, — But the

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Words by  
DENA TEMPEST

## SOME QUIET DAY



Music by  
BARBARA MELVILLE HOPE

*Slowly, and very smoothly*

Some qui - et day — when sor - row's night is end - ed, When winds are mute and storms have passed a - way, — The sun — will shine, — life's bro - ken links be mend - ed, And you will come to

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# Reinald Werrenrath - AMERICA'S PREMIER BARITONE

Says:-

**DUNA** IS WITHOUT DOUBT ONE OF THE MOST EFFECTIVE SONGS I HAVE EVER KNOWN. WITHOUT A "CHEAP" LINE IN IT, IT HAS THAT WONDERFUL APPEAL THAT REACHES THE HEART OF EVERY LISTENER. *THE DAY I RECEIVED THAT SONG I SHALL ALWAYS COUNT A MOST FORTUNATE ONE FOR ME.*

John McCormack, Francis Rogers, CANTOR Joseph Rosenblatt

AND SCORES OF OTHER LEADING SINGERS ENTHUSE OVER THIS MOST CHARMING SONG OF RECENT YEARS

## DUNA

The Words by  
MARJORIE PICKTHALL

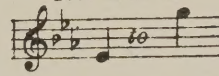
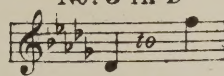
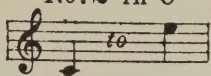
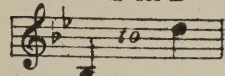
The Music by  
JOSEPHINE MCGILL

No. 1 in B $\flat$

No. 2 in C

No. 3 in D $\flat$

No. 4 in E $\flat$

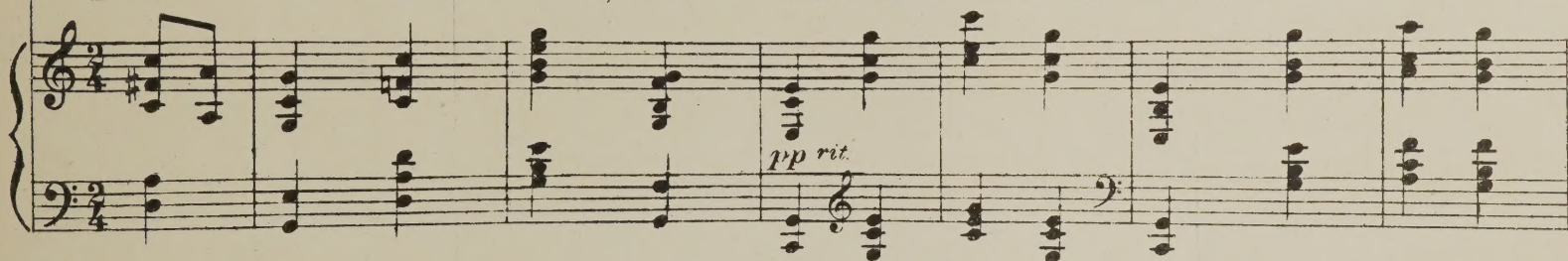


Con moto. about (84 =  $\text{♩}$ )

*pp rit.*

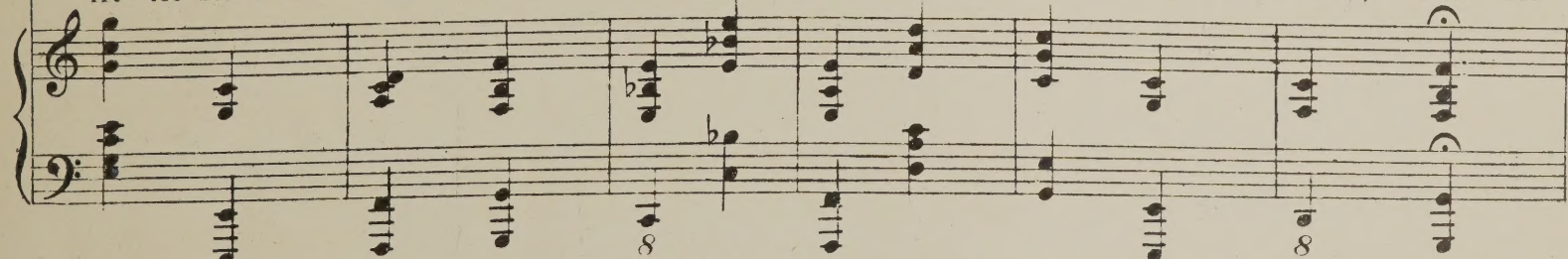
And the lit - tle stars of Du - na, Call me home.

The



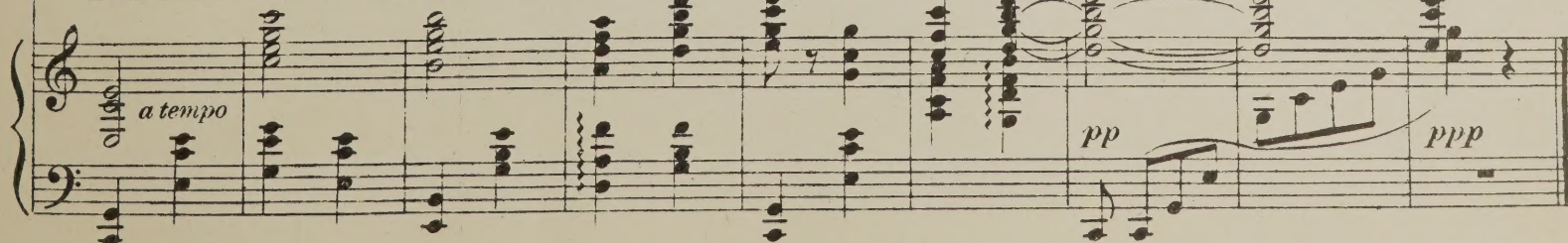
lit - tle stars of Du - na call me home,

The lit - tle stars of Du - na, Call me



*pp a tempo*

home.



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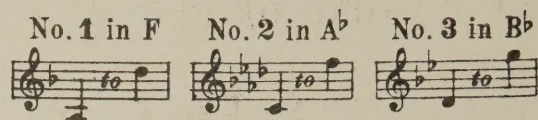
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"HEAVENLY MUSIC!"—SO YOU WILL PROCLAIM  
THIS GREATEST BALLAD OF MANY YEARS  
FEATURED BY AMERICA'S PREMIER BARITONE  
REINALD WERREN RATH

# YOUR SONG FROM PARADISE

Words by  
MONTEREY P. BROOKTON



Music by  
SYDNEY BARLOW BROWN

*Andantino con moto*

*p*

But still I hear the bells of twi-light ring-ing, And I can see the love-light in your

*mf*

eyes, As o'er the dai - sy fields I hear you sing-ing Your song di - vine from Par - a -

*mf*

dise - "I love you, I love you, I love you," A-cross the long, long years I'll hear you

*pp* *ppp* *slowly*

sing-ing, "I love you, I love you, I love you," Your song di - vine from Par - a - dise.

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